

# PUNCH

## COMICS

DEC NO. 1

10¢



HARRY "A" CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.

A DYNAMIC PUBLICATION  
**WORLD'S**  
*Greatest*  
**COMICS**

# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Mr.

E



ASSISTED BY THE STRANGE GOD, KING KOLAH, REMNANT OF AN EXTINCT CIVILIZATION, WHOSE TEACHINGS PROCLAIM THE VIOLENT DESTRUCTION OF EVIL AND INJUSTICE, MR. E. AND HIS MESSENGERS OF KOLAH WAGE A NEVER ENDING BATTLE TO CARRY OUT THE WISHES OF THE TRIBAL GOD.



STATE PENITENTIARY... A SORROWFUL MOTHER PAYS A FINAL VISIT TO HER SON.

THE EVIDENCE POINTED TO ME... BUT IT ISN'T TRUE! ALL I REMEMBER WAS A BULLET HIT ME IN THE LEG... AND WHEN I CAME TO, THE POLICE WERE THERE...



AND YOU WERE BLAMED FOR A CRIME YOU NEVER COMMITTED! MY POOR BOY... I KNOW YOU... DIDN'T DO IT!

BUT I WAS BLOCKS AWAY FROM THE PLANT... I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS GOING ON THERE. I...

SORRY, MA'M, BUT YOUR TIME IS UP!

DAZED AND BEWILDERED, THE CONDEMNED MAN'S MOTHER WANDERS AIMLESSLY...

MY BOY! MY POOR BOY! HE'S...

WHEN... THROUGH THE WIND-SHIELD OF HER CAR, THE STRANGE MISS TERRY SEES...



WHY! THAT WOMAN'S FAINTED!



HERE, LET ME TAKE YOU HOME!

THANK YOU. YOU'RE VERY KIND!

YOUR STORY IS CONVINCING ENOUGH.. I'M SURE WITH THE HELP OF MRE WE MAY BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING!



YES, EVEN THE JUDGE SEEMED MOVED... BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES NOTHING BUT THE DEATH PENALTY COULD BE GIVEN.

LATER... MR-E'



HELLO, TERRY. WHY THE SUDDEN VISIT?

I HAVE SOMETHING INTERESTING. I MET THE MOTHER OF DORRENCE, THE LAD THAT IS TO BE HUNG TO-NIGHT.



...AND I'M ALMOST SURE THE REAL ROBBERS GRABBED THE KID AND HAD HIM FRAMED.















# 3 Cheers FOR THE NAVY

SOME NERVE... I'M JUST FIVE MINUTES LATE AND THEY CAN'T WAIT FOR ME!



JUST GET REAL MAD AND GOUGE THEIR EYES OUT!



POOR JONES... HE CAN'T SLEEP IN A HAMMOCK.



# Captain GLORY

ON HIS VACATION, CAPTAIN GLORY, ACE INVESTIGATOR FOR THE F.B.I., LEADS THE COAST GUARDS INTO A SMASHING BATTLE WITH A RUTHLESS GANG OF SMUGGLERS.



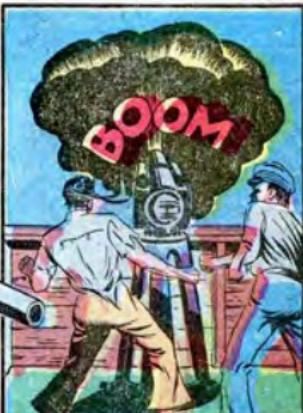
HARRY A. CHESLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.

ABOUT A MILE OFF SHORE, A FRAIL CRAFT DRIFTS LAZILY ALONG...



...IN IT CAPTAIN GLORY STRUGGLES WITH A DIFFERENT TYPE OF CASE.





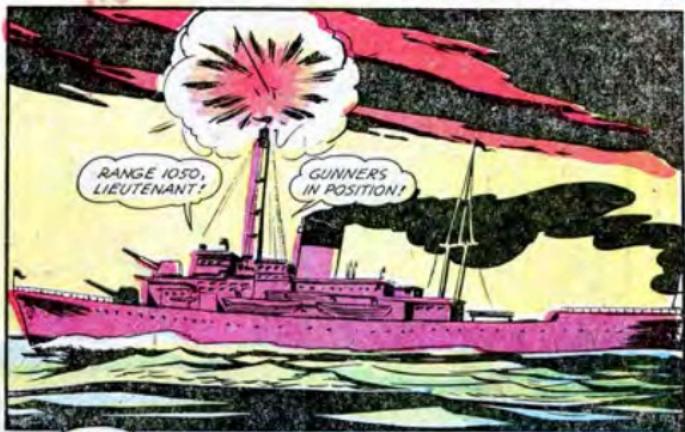








HAVING RELATED HIS STORY,  
CAPTAIN GLORY URGES THE COAST  
GUARD TO GIVE CHASE...



RANGE 1050,  
LIEUTENANT!

GUNNERS  
IN POSITION!





# PUZZLETTES



TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR ANSWERS

**3**  
**WORD  
EVOLUTION**

CAN YOU  
CHANGE "APE"  
TO "MAN" IN  
7 MOVES?  
CHANGE ONE  
LETTER AT A  
TIME AND  
STILL LEAVE  
A WORD.

APE


MAN

**TEASER SQUARE**

1	2	3	4	5

1

The square reads the same down as across.  
1. SUGARY. 2. RELIEVES.  
3. MAMMAL. 4. CHOOSE.  
5. QUIZZES.

**2**  
**APPLE  
MYSTERY!**



4	15	14
9		12
5		8
16	3	13

2

FILL IN THE SIX MISSING SPACES WITH NUMBERS THAT WILL MAKE THE SQUARE ADD UP TO 34 - DOWN, ACROSS, AND DIAGONALLY.

**5**  
**Jerry**

OUR TRAINED SEAL IS BALANCING A HUGE CLOCK DIAL ON HIS NOSE, AND WANTS YOU TO DIVIDE THE DIAL INTO FOUR PARTS, SO THAT THE NUMERALS IN EACH SECTION TOTAL 20.



**4**  
**MR.  
OWL**



WISE OLD FELLOW-SAYS:

"A SUPERFLIETY OF CULINARY EXECUTIVES RENDERS UNPALATABLE THE LIQUID NUTRIMENT."

WHAT DID HE MEAN?

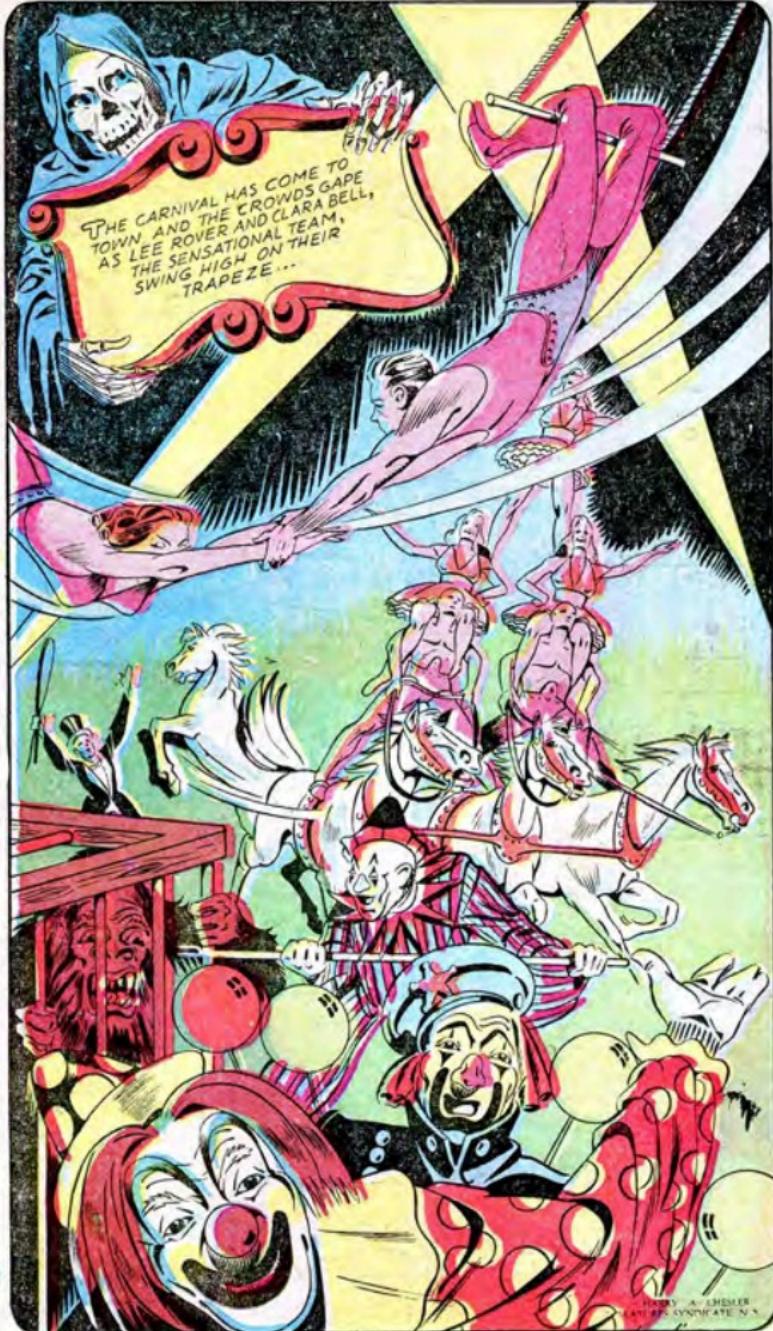
LC 509  
CHEWSTER  
XSE

TO WHOM IS THIS LETTER GOING AND WHERE?

THE BROTH,  
TENNESSEE  
WINCHESTER  
ROMAN 509  
ELISE DIX  
"TO MANY COOKS SPOIL,  
ARE, ARM AIM, RIM, RAM, RAM,  
2. 1., 6., 7., 10., 11., 12.  
ELECT, TESTS,  
1. SWEET, EASES, WHALE.



# CARNIVAL





UNSUPECTINGLY, CLARA AND LEE CHAT IN THE LIVING-ROOM.

DADDY WAS TERRIBLY WORRIED TO-NIGHT, LEE, IT MUST HAVE BEEN ABOUT HARLEY. I HAVE A FEELING SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN.

STEADY CLARA, I'LL BE HERE TO SEE EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.

HEEELLP

IT CAME FROM YOUR FATHER'S ROOM!

WHAT'S THAT?

NOW WITH ONE MORE OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL BE... WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK! LEE, HE'S...

SUDDENLY, AN AGONIZING WAIR RINGS THROUGH THE HOUSE.

INSTANTLY, THE TRAPEZE ARTIST LEAPS AT THE ATTACKER.

NOT SO FAST, FANCY PANTS!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, LEE ROVER! OOOOF!

STUBBORN, EH?

I ONCE TOOK LESSONS IN JIU-JITSU.

WHAT TH...

TRIPPED ME UP NICE, THE LUG. CLARA... WHERE ARE...

LEE! LEE! HE'S... OOOH!





NEELEY THE CASHIER CONSOLES CLARA BEFORE THE START OF HER ACT.

I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR FATHER, CLARA. I KNEW HIM FOR TWENTY YEARS.

YES, YOU WERE HIS CLOSEST FRIEND, NEELEY. DADDY ALWAYS SAID THAT IF SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HIM, YOU SHOULD GET A SHARE OF THE SHOW.

... AND IF I SHOULD EVER QUIT... OR THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOUR SOMETHING HAPPENED, FATHER, CLARA. PEN... YOU WILL HE WAS A FINE BECOME THE SOLE OWNER... MAN, AND I RESPECT HIS THOUGHTFULNESS.

LOOK AT THE ANIMALS!

MA-BUY ME SOME PEANUTS!

YIPPEE... THE CLOWN AND GORILLA ACT ARE NEXT.

INSIDE, THE CROWD REEKS WITH MERRIMENT, UNAWARE OF LURKING DANGER.

THE TRAPEZE ACT THRILLS THE CROWD WITH ITS PERFECT TIMING.

I'M NERVOUS, LEE.

YOU MUST FORGET, CLARA.

I'LL KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR ANYTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

SUDDENLY, ALL EYES ARE TURNED TO THE CLOWN'S ACT.

THE CLOWN! WATCH THE CLOWN!

WHAT TH--- THAT APE LOOKS FEROCIOUS! MAYBE I'D BETTER NOT FOOL AROUND?

HARLEY STOPS SHORT AT SIGHT OF THE ANGERED BEAST.



HIGH IN THE AIR CLARA AND LEE REALIZE THE SITUATION.





# A SOLDIER MUST OBEY

Several hundred pupils sat silently as the principal ushered the famous aviator to the front of the platform. "I take great pleasure in presenting Lieutenant Mathewson!" the principal said. A thunderous ovation greeted the smiling aviator.

Lieutenant Mathewson spoke and one by one the students tensed in their seats. It was a story of his life he unfolded to them. The story of the hardships he had to undergo in preparing for aviation and the continued effort needed to complete the training. The hands of the huge clock on the wall kept turning but the audience sat in deep reflective silence.

"Above all," Mathewson's voice thundered, "a soldier must obey! He must never shirk or neglect his duty, not for any excuse. It was in 1918, I was . . ."

Suddenly, a shuffling of feet was heard from the center of the audience. A small boy pushed his way over to the aisle, then began trudging toward the door. His shoes squeaked and the boy flushed under the hundreds of eyes gaping at him.

The shoes squeaked louder and louder. The principal fastened a pair of withering eyes on the boy, but proudly with head erect, the lad marched past the platform and toward the door.

"We must not be afraid to do our duty," the Lieutenant continued. Each and every one of us . . ." the voice droned on.

With those words, the squeak of the shoes died out as the door closed behind Tony Sigi. Without hesitating, he ran down the stairs into the basement. The words, "we must not neglect our duty," rang through his brain. Suddenly, a sizzling sound accompanied by the smell of burning rubber, reached him. He stopped and looked around.

Overhead, a shower of sparks came from one of the fixtures hanging loosely from the ceiling. Tony grabbed a chair and placed it under the broken fixture. Standing on it, he reached up, gripped the rubber near both ends of the wire and held them together. The sparks ceased.

A fire alarm box hung near by. It would have been the work of an instant to leap off the chair and ring it. Tony hesitated. The whole auditorium was enjoying the Lieutenant's speech. The sound of an alarm would only interrupt the interesting lecture—that would never do. Silently, with up raised arms, Tony stood holding the wires together.

. . . . It was a long time before the Lieutenant finished speaking. The principal invited him to inspect the modern school. Into the basement

they went and soon came on the small boy valiantly holding the wires.

"What are you doing up there, Tony, stealing the electric light bulbs?" the irate principal demanded. "You dared to interrupt Lieutenant Mathewson's lecture for this! I've caught you red handed. Your folks will hear of this. Get down!"

Tony let go. The live wires sparked and smoked as the weary lad slumped from the chair. The Lieutenant caught the limp form.

A glass of cold water and the Lieutenant's knowledge of first aid quickly revived the lad.

Tony looked up at the aviator and said quietly, "I was fire monitor for this week. I did not want to leave while you were speaking but it was my duty to inspect the basement. I had to do this because I did not want the alarm to keep the others from hearing your speech, sir!"

Lieutenant Mathewson smiled and looked down at the brave boy. "A guy like you dared to interrupt my speech and face the wrath of the audience just to do his duty," the Lieutenant grinned as he spoke. "Fellow, I'm flying back this way next week in a new army pursuit ship. Yes sir, lad, I'm going to get permission from headquarters to give a real soldier, who nobly did his duty, a ride in it!"

# KITTY KELLY



ADVENTURE LOVING KITTY KELLY SCORNS THE PEACEFULNESS OF MARRIED LIFE FOR A CAREER IN THE AIR. ALTHOUGH HER LIFE IS CONTINUALLY THREATENED, THE AIRHOSTESS CARRIES ON IN THE TRUE TRADITION OF THE SERVICE.



HARRY A. CHESNER FEATURES SYNDICATE, N.Y.







UGLY MACHINE GUNS KEEP THE PASSENGERS FROM AN ATTEMPT TO HELP THE PILOT AND HOSTESS.



THE PRISONERS ARE FORCED TO CLIMB ALONG A PATH LEADING TO ---



AN ACTIVE CRATER OF A VOLCANO.



HERE'S MY ANSWER!

OWWW!

MY TURN TO HOLD THE PAPERS AND THE GUN!

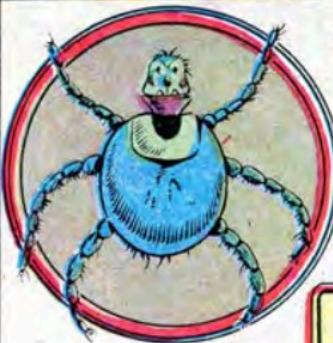








# IS IT TRUE?



**CHIGGERS**  
OR HARVEST MITES  
WILL BITE HUMANS  
AND SNAKES, THEY  
WILL NOT BITE  
ANY DOMESTIC  
ANIMALS?

**TRUE**

## JOHN BUNYAN

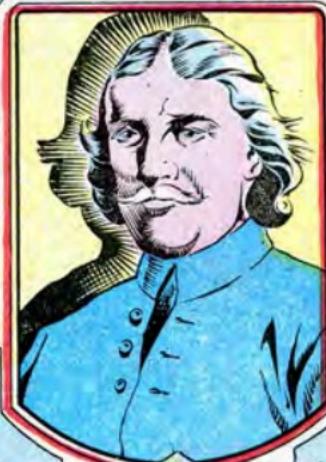
HE WROTE "PILGRIMS-  
PROGRESS WHILE IN  
PRISON. HE WAS  
VERY POOR WITH  
LITTLE EDUCATION,  
HE WORKED HARD  
AND SUFFERED  
MUCH?"

**TRUE**



**COWBIRDS**  
BUILD NO NESTS,  
WILL NOT INCUBATE  
IT'S EGGS OR REAR  
IT'S YOUNG. • THE  
EGGS ARE LAIDIN  
THE NESTS OF OTHER  
BIRDS?

**TRUE**



ALL HENS WITH WHITE  
FEATHERS LAY WHITE  
SHELL EGGS?



**NOT  
TRUE**

HENS WITH  
BLACK, BROWN OR RED . . .  
FEATHERS LAY WHITE SHELL  
EGGS. THE MEDITERRANEAN  
STRAIN OF FOWL LAY WHITE SHELL EGGS.

BUNYAN WAS  
PUT IN PRISON  
FOR HIS  
RELIGIOUS  
VIEWS,  
WHILE THERE  
HE PRODUCED  
WORKS THAT  
WILL LIVE  
FOREVER.

THE LAND OF  
EVERLASTING FIRE.  
• TRAVELERS HAVE  
SEEN THIS STRANGE  
LAND MANY TIMES?



**TRUE**

IN NORTHERN IRAQ OIL  
FIELDS. THE Oozing PART-  
ICLES OF OIL HAVE BEEN  
BURNING FOR TIME  
IMMEMORIAL.

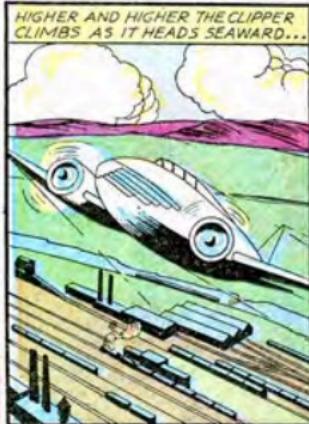
# The SKY CHIEF

THE SKY CHIEF, SECRET AERIAL OPERATIVE FOR THE G-MEN, SMASHES THROUGH A RING OF SABOTEURS TO STOP THE MYSTERIOUS DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN CLIPPER PLANES.

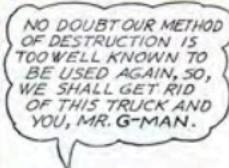




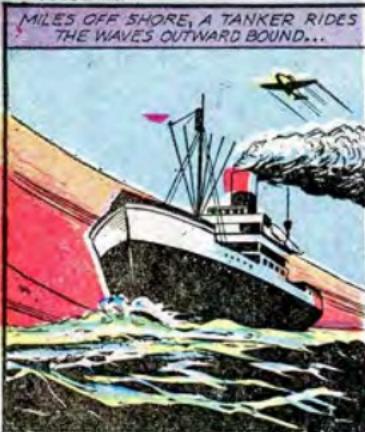
THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT THE OFFICE OF THE TRANS-OCEANA CLIPPER CORPORATION.











# THE DEAD MAN PLAYS

"The judge let you off because of insufficient evidence," Patrolman Dick Stevens addressed the sneering racketeer, Pete Beers. "I'm positive you murdered him—and someday I'll find the evidence that'll get you a trip to the hot seat."

"Pipe down, flatfoot," Pete grinned as he spoke. "Your pal Morris disappeared and you're trying to pin a murder on me. But it won't work!"

Dick stepped forward and touched the shoulder of the departing racketeer as he whispered, "Beers, remember this. Morris said he'd keep playing his violin even after he was dead. Yep, all I'll have to do is follow the strains of the music and I'll find the murderer."

"Sez you," Pete barked as he walked away from the patrolman. "But dead men can't play."

Dick clenched his fists at the thought of the thousands of dollars Pete had extracted from small storekeepers for unwanted and unneeded protection. He also thought of his pal's investigation and sudden disappearance. More than ever he was out to get the haughty Pete Beers.

It was dark and moonless that night. The huge house was ablaze with lights as Pete Beers shook hands with the last of his departing guests. Guests who had enjoyed a lavish party celebrating his release from

prison. Pete turned to his butler and said, "I'm turning in, Mike. Wake me at noon. Most of the shops have been laying down on their protection payments since I was detained by them dumb cops. I'll have to get after them, this place can't be run on peanuts."

Pete climbed the huge stairway to his bedroom. It was a spacious room. He grinned as he glanced at the expensive furnishings. "Some different from that cell," he muttered aloud.

Resting on the soft bed, he dozed off but was soon awakened by the sound of music. He lay puzzled. It was violin music, soft and sweet.

He jumped slightly as the words of Patrolman Stevens ran through his mind. "All I have to do is follow the music to the murd..." Pete squirmed. He turned several times but the musical sound kept on. He could stand it no longer. Pete jumped out of bed, switched on the light and snatched his gun out of the holster.

"I'll settle this once and for all," he yelled aloud. "I'll have no dead man playing in my house."

Pete slipped down the stairs that led into the cellar. "Afraid? Bah, what could scare Pete Beers," he muttered aloud.

The violin played on and on. The music echoed throughout the long

cellar. Pete's flesh was covered with goose pimples. He gripped his gun tightly and made his way to a corner of the stone wall.

Carefully, he felt the wall. "You can't play, you're dead, DEAD!" he screamed. "I put you there and you can't play."

The musical strains grew louder and louder. The notes imbedded themselves in Pete's tortured brain. "Dead men can't play," he screamed out loud.

Suddenly, the music stopped. A dark form stepped from behind a pillar to Pete's side and whispered, "Drop that gun or I'll..."

"No, no—Morris, don't touch me, you're dead, you're dead, I know it, I killed you," Pete screamed hysterically as the gun fell from his fear-paralyzed fingers.

Swiftly, a pair of handcuffs closed on the frightened racketeer's wrists. "When that wall is pulled down," the voice of Patrolman Dick Stevens said softly, "I'll have the evidence needed to send you to the hot seat, Pete Beers."

Dick led the astonished racketeer to the staircase. At the foot of the stairs, Patrolman Stevens stooped down to pick up the violin. He turned to Pete and said, "I forgot to tell you that Morris taught me how to play."

MARY A. CHISLER  
FEATURES SYNDICATE N.Y.

QUEER TRICK OF FATE AND  
CAPTAIN COURAGE, BURLY  
SKIPPER OF A TRANS-OCEANIC  
FREIGHTER, FINDS HIMSELF  
THROWN BACK CENTURIES  
TO RELIVE THE AGE OF THE  
BUCCANEERS AND THE ROVERS  
OF THE SPANISH MAIN.

A LONELY FREIGHTER PLOWS THRU  
THE CHOPPY WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC.



SUDDENLY, A HOARSE SHOUT...

Capt'n

COURAGE

ON DECK, THE HUSKY CAPTAIN COURAGE PREPARES TO CHALLENGE THE RAGING FURY.

THE ONLY CHANCE IS TO TRY AND OUT RACE HER... AND I'M GOING TO CHANCE IT!



IT'S A FREAK STORM, CAP... SHELL SNAP THE SHIP LIKE A HUNK OF DRIFTWOOD!

AYE, MATEY... BUT NOT UNTIL WE'VE HAD A CHANCE! I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL... GET ALL HANDS BELOW.



KEEP FIRING THE BOILERS LADS... WE'RE RACING DEATH THIS TIME.



MOUNTAINOUS WAVES LASH THE DECK AS THE SKIPPER ISSUES HIS TERSE COMMAND.

A BOLT OF LIGHTNING STRIKES...



WHEN SUDDENLY...

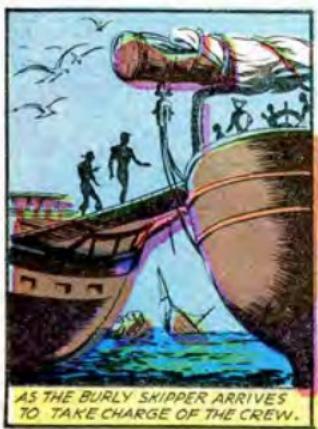


I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT... I'VE GOT TO!

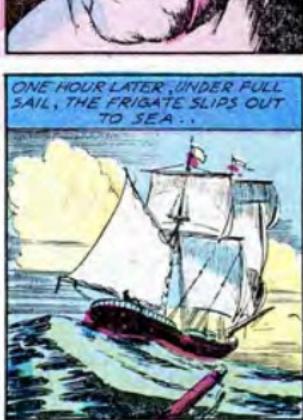
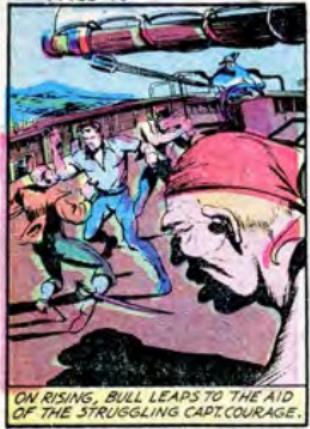
AS IF RETURNING FROM THE DEAD, THE BATTERED CAPTAIN COURAGE STRUGGLES TO SAVE HIMSELF.

EXHAUSTED, HE FALLS LIMP ON THE BOARDS.

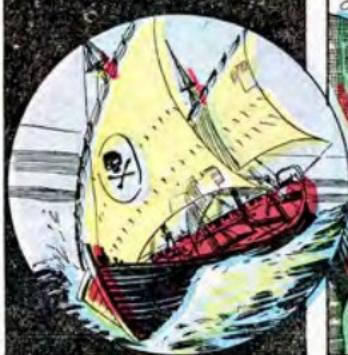
MY LEGS, ARMS, ALL WEARY. I MUST SLEEP, SLEEP....







ACCURATELY ADJUSTING THE SPY GLASS, THE SKIPPER SEES...



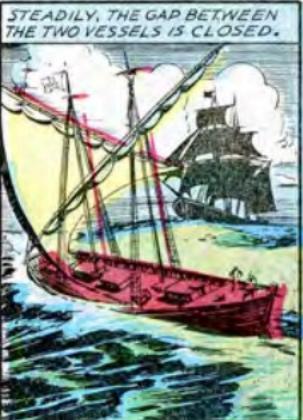
SHE'S PIRATE CRAFT ALL RIGHT! GET THE SHIP IN ORDER...WE'RE GOING TO RID THE SEA OF A MENACE.

AYE, AYE, CAP!

ALL HANDS ON DECK... REEF SAILS FOR ACTION!



SWIFTLY THE CREW SPRINGS INTO ACTION, AS THE SHIP IS READIED FOR ANY EMERGENCY.



STEADILY, THE GAP BETWEEN THE TWO VESSELS IS CLOSED.

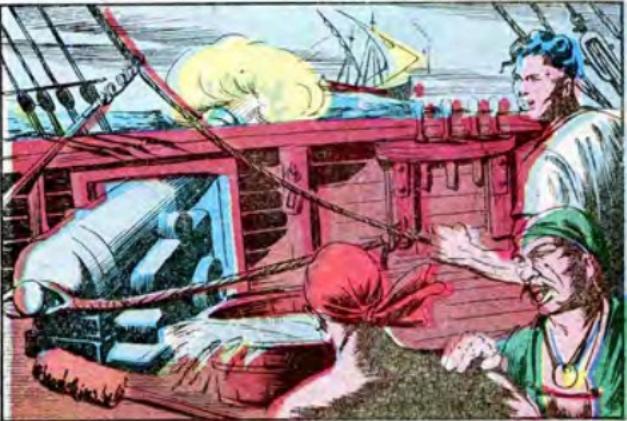


GREEDILY, THE EYES OF THE PIRATE CHIEF VIEW THE APPROACHING SHIP.

SO, IT'S A PRIZE THAT DRAWS CLOSE, ME HEARTIES! GIVE HER AN OPENING SHOT... THEN WE'LL FINISH HER OFF!



THE SHELL EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN THE WATER.







# HALE! ...THE MAGICIAN



HARRY A. CHESTER  
FEATURE SYNDICATE, N.Y.

ON A FRIENDLY YACHTING TRIP, HALE THE MAGICIAN, IS THROWN INTO A GIGANTIC STRUGGLE WHICH ONLY THE POWER OF HIS MAGIC SPEARHEAD CAN OVERCOME.

OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA, A YACHT STEAMS SLOWLY THRU A NARROW, DANGEROUS CHANNEL.



ON DECK, LOIS STARRETT CONVERSES WITH HER CLOSE FRIEND, HALE, THE MAGICIAN.

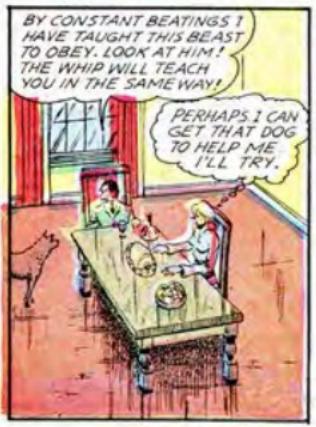
GOVERNOR WARREN WILL BE SURPRISED TO SEE US. HALE, BRRRK, I'M GLAD WE DIDN'T WIRE BUT THOSE RODS HIM. IT'S MORE FUN THIS WAY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, HERE COMES THE CAPTAIN.

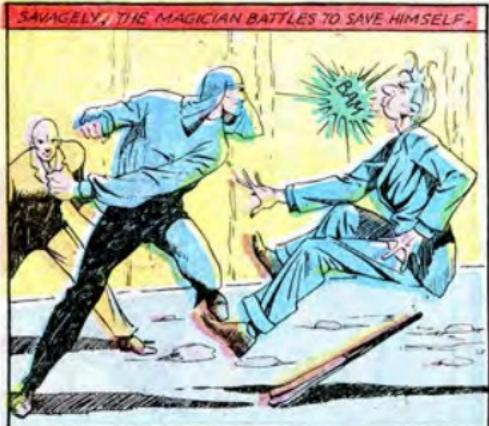














# DEATH

*The Sting of*

"Don't touch that," Steve Kent yelled, as he pushed John Waters to the ground. "It's the Golden Orchid and it means trouble."

Carefully picking himself out of the bed of ferns, Waters adjusted his monocle and stared coldly at his guide. "Have you gone completely crazy?" he shouted at Steve. "I hired you to guide me and not advise me as to what specimens I should take and what not!" Waters reached for the huge orchid again. "It's worth at least five hundred pounds—and I'm . . ." That's as far as he got. The strong grip of Steve Kent stopped him.

"As long as anyone's with me they don't pick that flower," Steve barked. "It's meant death to some—but others it drives mad, raving mad!"

That night, Steve and Waters sat around the campfire. They listened to the strange jungle sounds. Kent identified each one for his friend. Soon, the conversation drifted to the life they had left behind in London. Kent studied Waters and sensed his mind had wandered—it had drifted to the Golden Orchid. Steve tensed. "I suppose you're angry because I kept you from picking that flower?" he said, smacking straight into the subject.

Before Waters could answer, Kent continued, "I've knocked around all over the world and there are some things I can't understand and never will. That Golden Orchid is one. The natives say that he who picks one will never leave the jungle alive."

"Stupid superstition," Waters

scoffed. "You're civilized, man, you can't believe such nonsense. Did you ever know of any one who picked one and died?"

"Once," Steve hesitated, then continued. "The natives warned him just as I did you. The man laughed in their faces and picked the blossom. I watched him as he fondled it like a little child. I watched him hold it to his face and gaze into its golden petals as he raved over the shape and size. He talked of the glory and fame the Academy would award him for bringing back such an unknown treasure."

"But what happened? I never saw it on exhibit!" John interrupted impatiently.

"I'm coming to that," Steve said slowly. "The next morning in his tent we found the body. It was a dark blue color—he had died during the night."

"Dead," Waters whispered in an awed voice.

"Yeah," Steve nodded. "The natives called it the sting of the Golden Orchid."

"What about the flower?" Waters asked.

"It lay beside him on the bed where he had placed it," Kent replied. "The natives piled the tent with brush and burned the body of the man and the orchid." With that, Steve got up and stretched lazily. "I'm turning in for the night," he said, as he walked off to the tent.

Kent lay on the cot. His eyelids grew heavier and heavier. . . . Suddenly, his semi-conscious mind caught the sound of cracking brush.

Instantly, he was on his feet and out of the tent. Through the slowly dying campfire he saw the figure of John Waters, in his hand the Golden Orchid.

With sparkling eyes, John held the prize so Kent could see its full beauty. "Those silly stories couldn't scare me," he said proudly, "I've got it and I'm going to take it back to civilization with me. It's mine—they'll call it John Waters' Golden Orchid!"

Swiftly, Steve leaped forward, grabbed the flower and threw it into the fire.

Furiously, Waters aimed his fist at Steve's jaw. Kent ducked the blow and with a short right sent Waters sprawling to the ground. In an instant, he was astride him.

"Why did you do it, why did you do it?" John sobbed anguishedly. "I'll never have a chance to get another!"

Steve released his grip. "That orchid," he began slowly, "has been known to always harbor a nest of vipers within its leaves. The viper, colored the same as the plant, is very seldom found—that was the thing that killed the other man! Its sting is filled with venom—and the viper strikes at night."

"But why didn't you tell me the truth about it?" Waters demanded.

"Because," Steve said slowly, "you'd have decided to look for the deadly reptile, to kill it—by that time it would have injected you with its poison."

Waters gripped Steve's hand and said, "And to think, all this time I thought you made up that story to scare me away, so you could have the orchid for yourself."

# THE UNHOLY 3





AS THE UNHOLY THREE BUSY THEMSELVES ON THE INSIDE, OTHERS MAKE PLANES ON THE OUTSIDE.



THE MEAL PROGRESSES REMARKABLY WELL UNDER THE HANDS OF FLASH AND PEARL...





SWIFTLY, THE MASTER MAKE UP ARTISTS DON THEIR DISGUISES...







# THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

FEATURING

X 9

MR. "E"  
THE ECHO  
CARNIVAL  
RAY OLIGHT  
KING KOBRA  
YANKEE BOY  
MASTER KEY  
ROCKETMAN  
LUCKY COYNE  
DYNAMIC BOY  
LITTLE NEMO  
KITTY KELLY  
DAN HASTINGS  
MADAM SATAN  
DOC TRIUMPH  
GREAT SCOTT!  
JOHNNY REBEL  
FOXY GRANDPA  
CAPTAIN GLORY  
YANKEE DOODLE  
JONES & DANDY  
MAJOR VICTORY  
SCARLET SENTRY  
"HAPPY" LANDING  
MOTHER HUBBARD  
YOUNG AMERICANS



8  
MAMMOTH  
RINGS  
•  
EACH  
ONE  
FEATURING

15  
COMPLETE  
ATTRACTIOnS  
•

IT'S YOURS FOR  
THE PRICE OF  
A SINGLE  
ADMITTANCE

10¢

HURRY, HURRY  
H-U-R-R-Y!  
TO YOUR NEAREST  
NEWSDEALER

YANKEE  
COMICS

DYNAMIC  
COMICS

SCOOP  
COMICS

MAJOR  
COMICS

BULLS-EYE  
COMICS

PUNCH  
COMICS

KAYO  
COMICS

WORLD'S  
Greatest  
COMICS

A  
B  
C  
AMERICA  
AFRICA  
ASIA  
COMICS